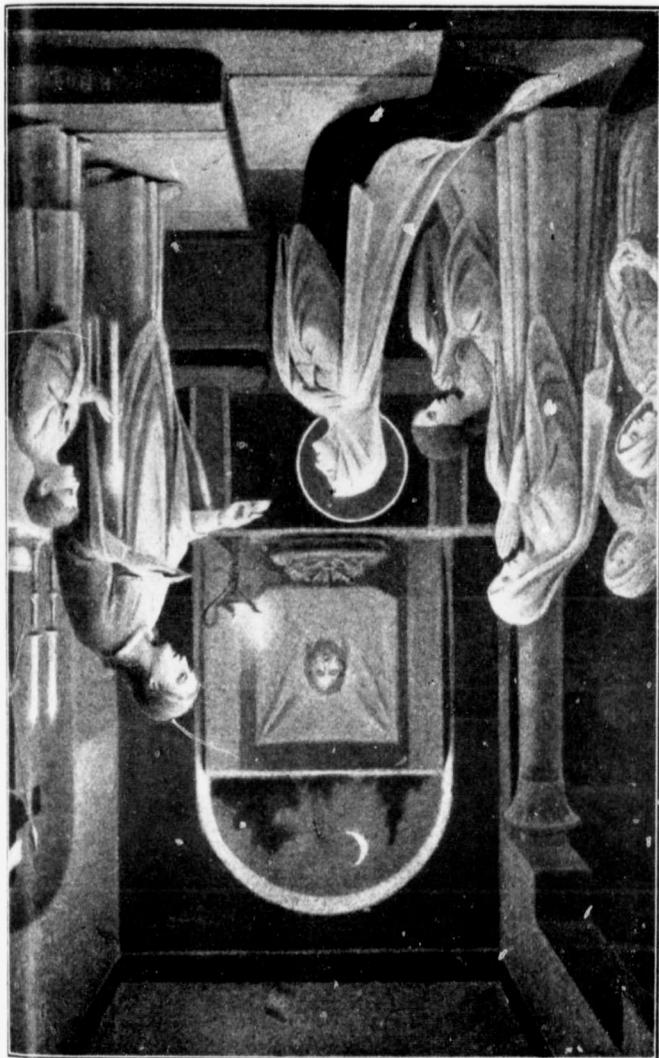
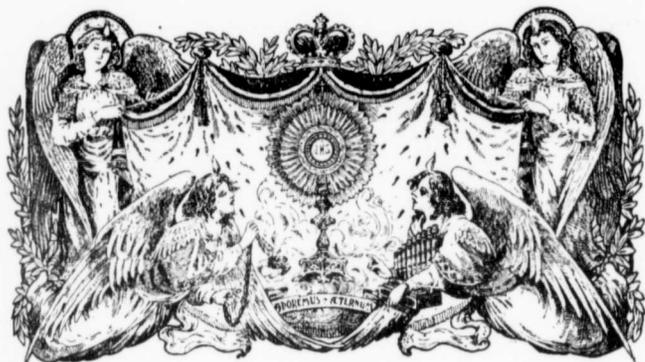


Communion of Mary.
By R. Angoult.





Communion of Mary.

O JESUS, living in Thy Mother blest,
 Within Thy servants, come, and live this hour !
 Live in the spirit of Thy holiness,
 And in the fullness of Thy wondrous pow'r !
 Live, in the wise perfection of Thy ways,
 And in Thy virtue's truth, whate'er betide,
 In the communion of Thy mysteries,
 Within Thy servants (as in Mary) bide !
 Reign in us over all our hostile foes !
 These adverse powers, crush and chain again ;
 Lord ! by Thy Holy Spirit sin depose,
 And for Thy Father's glory, rule ! — Amen.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

See frontispiece.

Prayer to Our Lady
of the
Most Blessed Sacrament.

Q VIRGIN Mary, Our Lady of the Most Blessed Sacrament, who art the glory of Christians, the joy of the Universal Church, and the hope of the world, pray for us! Stir up in all the Faithful devotion to the Most Holy Eucharist, that they may render themselves worthy to communicate every day.

From an Audience with His Holiness, December 9, 1906. His Holiness, Our Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius X., deigns to grant to all the Faithful an Indulgence of 300 days as often as, with devotion and a contrite heart, they recite the foregoing prayer. To remain in effect to perpetuity without any Brief; other things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, at the Secretariate of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics (January 23, 1907).

S. CARD. CRETONI, PRÆ.

LOCUS SIGILLI.

† D. PANICI, Archiep. Laodicen. Secret.

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The Heart of Mary.



It was the privilege of St. John to show us the depths of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so was it reserved for St. Luke to draw our attention to Mary's heart with its wealth of suffering love. The third Evangelist, tradition tells us, lived for some time with our Blessed Lady, and learned from her lips the story of Our Lord's childhood. Hence, he has often been styled, "The Evangelist of the Sacred Infancy."

St. Luke, being educated, and of a refined, sensitive disposition, could fully appreciate the workings of the maternal heart during those sixty-three years which, it is believed, Our Lady lived on earth.

From the first moment of her Immaculate Conception, Mary's heart throbbed with the purest love a creature could ever give to the Creator. The earliest days of her infancy were spent in constant communion with God, for Anna's child sought no dignity, no distinction, save that of being the handmaid of her whom Providence destined for the Mother of God. Thus passed those fifteen short years in the Temple, until St. Luke introduces us to the humble Virgin of Nazareth. While she was at prayer, God's angel delivered the message of the Most High, and received a reply that could come only from a heart abased in humility: "*Ecce ancilla Domini! Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum* — Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to thy word!" From that moment the heart of Mary beat in unison with the Heart of Jesus. Need we be surprised, then, to trace in her after-life all those virtues which characterized the Son of God?

That Heart which said, " Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of Heart. " had pulsated for the first time with the throbbings of Mary's Immaculate Heart.

Nine months of close communion between Mother and Child passed away, " and she brought forth the first-born son, and wrapped him up in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." What pen could describe the suffering of her Heart at such a reception of her Son? But if earth refused a welcome to the Messiah, heaven sent its chorus of angelic voices, which attract the attention of the simple minded shepherds. They came to the grotto and " found Mary and Joseph and the Infant. And all that heard, wondered at those things that were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all those things pondering them in her heart." Here, for the first time, the Evangelist points to Mary's heart as the tabernacle wherein were hidden God's choicest secrets. Mind and heart form the individual's character. Feeling, thinking, and willing constitute our life. Our Lady's mind in virtue of her Immaculate Conception, was illuminated by the purest rays of the Godhead and her " fiat " sealed her will with that of her Lord's in a union never to be severed. Her heart loved with an ineffable love Him whom the heavens are not worthy to contain.

The heart is the seat of the affections, and Mary's Immaculate heart was the throne of God's love. From the day of her first dolor, when the aged Simeon took the Child in his arms and said, " Thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed, until her last, when she laid that Child in the sepulchre, the heart of Our Lady was bruised and wounded with her seven sorrows. But her mission did not end on Good Friday. She experienced the joy of the first Easter and an intimate communication with her risen Son for forty days. Oh, those were the days when she could truly say. " My spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour ! " But at the Ascension, He left her for His eternal home. She saw Him disappear from view, and all the yearning loneliness, ever the share of a childless mother, filled her heart. What mother would not prefer death with her son to life without him? The years, therefore, that Our Lady spent on earth after the Ascension of Jesus, were to her a

severe trial. But every trial found her richer in grace than did its predecessor, and raised her to new heights of sanctity.

That phase of Mary's life which begins at the Ascension, most resembles ours. She was the mainstay of the Infant Church. Around her the Apostles clung until Pentecost, when they were strengthened by the Holy Spirit. From her sweet heart they received help and encouragement. Tradition pictures Our Lady living in the Cenacle with her beloved.

St. John, who acted as her chaplain. Here did the young priest consecrate every morning in the Holy Mass, and feed her soul with the Sacred Body of her Son and her God, and here were Mary's days spent before the Eucharist. She was living over again the days of Nazareth, only now her Jesus was veiled under the Sacred Species. Her pure heart had been His first resting-place, and now it was His constant abode, for we are told that the Sacred Species were preserved in Mary's bosom from one Communion to another.



MOTHER MOST PURE

This intimacy with her hidden God could not fail to increase, if such a thing were possible, the surprising meekness and humility of Mary's heart. She was humble in her exile in Egypt, at Nazareth, during the public life of Jesus, and under the Cross. She remained the humble servant of the Infant Church. Never did she step into

the foreground. In full submission to the will of God, her desire was to rest on the Heart of her Son as He had rested on hers when a Child. This was her last wish on earth.

Cardinal Newman, in his sermon on the "Glories of Mary," has paid a fitting tribute to our Mother's heart in these eloquent words: "She died, but her death was a mere fact, not an effect; and when it was over, it ceased to be. She died that she might live, she died as a matter of form or (as I may call it), an observance, in order to fulfil what is called the debt of nature, not primarily for herself or because of sin, but to submit herself to her condition, to glorify God, to do what her Son did; not however, as her Son and Saviour, with any suffering, for any special end; not with a martyr's death, for her martyrdom had been in living; not as an atonement, for man could not make it, and One had made it, and made it for all; but in order to finish her course, and to receive her crown.

And, therefore, she died in private. It became Him who died for the world, to die in the world's sight; it became the Great Sacrifice to be lifted up on high as a light that could not be hid. But she, the Lily of Eden, who had always dwelt out of the sight of man, fittingly did she die in the garden's shade, and amid the sweet flowers in which she had lived. Her departure made no noise in the world. The Church went about her ordinary duties, preaching, converting, suffering; there were persecutions, there was fleeing from place to place, there were martyr's, there were triumphs; at length, the rumour spread abroad that the Mother of God was no longer on earth. Pilgrims went to and fro; they sought for her relics, but they found them not. Did she die at Ephesus? Or did she die at Jerusalem? Reports varied. But her tomb could not be pointed out or, if it was found, it was open; and instead of her pure and fragrant body, there was a growth of lilies from the earth which she had touched. So inquirers went home marvelling and waiting for further light. And then it was said that, when her dissolution was at hand, and her soul was to pass in triumph before the judgment-seat of her Son, the Apostles were suddenly gathered together in the place, even in the Holy City, to bear part

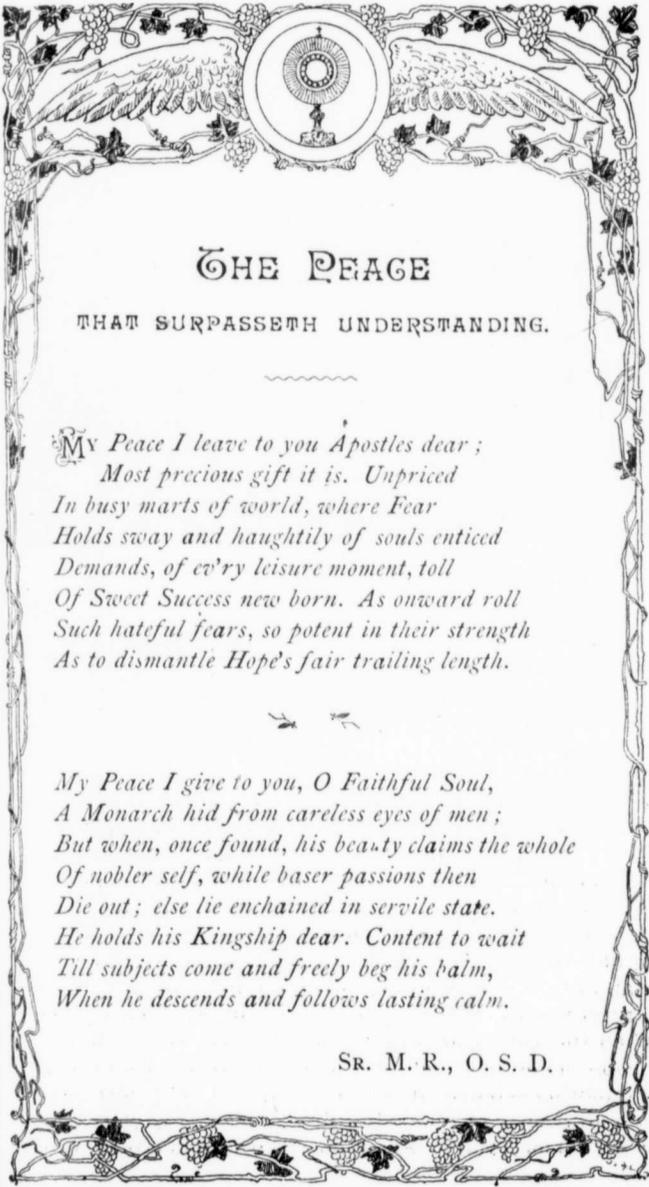
in the joyful ceremonial ; that they buried her with fitting rites ; that the third day, when they come to the tomb, they found it open, and angelic choirs with their glad voices were heard singing day and night the glories of their risen Queen. But, however we feel towards the details of this history (nor is there anything in it which will be unwelcome or difficult to piety), so much cannot be doubted, from the consent of the whole Catholic world and the revelations made to holy souls, as is befitting, she is, soul and body, with her Son and God in heaven, and that we are enabled to celebrate, not only her death, but her Assumption.

And now, my dear brethren, what is befitting in us, if all that I have been telling you is befitting in Mary ? If the Mother of Emmanuel ought to be the first of creatures in sanctity and in beauty ; if it became her to be free from all sin from the very first, and from the moment she received her first grace to begin to merit more ; and if such as was her beginning, such was her end, her conception immaculate and her death an assumption ; if she died, but revived, and is exalted on high ; what is befitting in the children of such a Mother, but an imitation, in their measure, of her devotion, her meekness, her simplicity, her modesty, and her sweetness ? Her glories are not only for the sake of her Son, they are for our sake, also. Let us copy her faith, who received God's message from the angel without a doubt ; her patience, who endured St. Joseph's surprise without a word ; her obedience, who went up to Bethlehem in the winter and bore our Lord in a stable ; her meditative spirit, who pondered in her heart what she saw and heard about Him ; her fortitude, whose heart the sword went through ; her self-surrender, who gave Him up during His ministry and consented to His death.

Above all, let us imitate her purity, who, rather than relinquish her virginity, was willing to lose Him for a Son. Oh, my dear children, young men and women, what need have you of the intercession of the Virgin-Mother, of her help, of her pattern in this respect ! What shall you bring forward in the narrow way, if you live in the world, with the thought and under the patronage of Mary ? What shall seal your senses, what shall tranquillize your

heart, when sights and sounds of danger are around you, but Mary? What shall give you patience and endurance, when you are wearied out in the conflict with evil, with the unceasing necessity of precautions, with the irksomeness of observing them, with the tediousness of their repetition, with the strain upon your mind, with your forlorn and cheerless condition, but a loving communion with her! She will help you in your struggles solace you in your weariness raise you up after your falls, crown your successes. She will show you her Son, your God, and your All. When your spirit within you is excited or relaxed or depressed, when it looses its equilibrium, when it is restless and wayward, when it is sick of what it has, and hankers after what it has not, when your eye is solicited with evil, and your mortal frame trembles under the shadow of the tempter, what will bring you to yourselves, to peace and to health, but the cool breath of the Immaculate, and the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon? It is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste; and why is this, but that it gives us Jesus Christ for our food, and Mary for our nursing Mother? Fulfil this boast in yourselves; prove to the world that you are following no false teaching, vindicate the glory of your Mother Mary, whom the world blasphemes, in the very face of the world, by the simplicity of your own deportment, and the sanctity of your words and deeds. Go to her for the royal heart of innocence. She is the beautiful gift of God, which outshines the fascinations of a bad world, and which no one ever sought in sincerity and was disappointed. She is the personal type and the representative image of that spiritual life and renovation in grace, 'without which no one shall see God.' 'Her spirit is sweeter than honey, and her heritage than the honeycomb. They that eat her shall yet be hungry, and they that drink her shall yet thirst. Who hearkeneth to her shall not be confounded, and they that work by her shall not sin.'





THE PEACE

THAT SURPASSETH UNDERSTANDING.

*MY Peace I leave to you Apostles dear ;
Most precious gift it is. Unpriced
In busy marts of world, where Fear
Holds sway and haughtily of souls enticed
Demands, of ev'ry leisure moment, toll
Of Sweet Success new born. As onward roll
Such hateful fears, so potent in their strength
As to dismantle Hope's fair trailing length.*

*My Peace I give to you, O Faithful Soul,
A Monarch hid from careless eyes of men ;
But when, once found, his beauty claims the whole
Of nobler self, while baser passions then
Die out ; else lie enchained in servile state.
He holds his Kingship dear. Content to wait
Till subjects come and freely beg his balm,
When he descends and follows lasting calm.*

SR. M. R., O. S. D.

An Actress converted by the Blessed Virgin.



DURING the course of his long and arduous apostolate in the Capital, the zeal and sanctity of R. P. de Ravignan worked many notable conversions among people of all classes and creeds. One of those converts, an actress, he requested to write a full account of her return to God. We quote her principally in order to show the Blessed Virgins special care of those who love and invoke her.

“ God must help me, Father ; otherwise, I cannot do as you ask.

My mother was unhappy in her marriage. Her husband spent all her money, then deserted her when she was only forty years of age. Alone in Paris without money, friends or position, her lot was very sad, while to add to its embarrassment, I was born shortly afterwards. My poor mother did not possess that strong faith that enables people to bear with patient resignation the adversities God sends but she possessed instead a very lively faith in the Blessed Virgin. From my earliest youth she taught me this short prayer I have never seen in any book : ‘ My God I give Thee my intellect, my body, my life ; I give myself all to thee. Grant that I may die sooner than offend thee mortally. Mary, Mother, guard and save me, Amen.

When I was five years old, I often went to mass with an old woman who never left the church without going—and of course bringing me with her—to pray before a representation of Our Lord in the sepulchre. Once when the sad sight struck me more forcibly than usual, I came home sick and sobbed as if my heart would break. My mother scolded the old lady and strictly forbade me ever to return to that church again. I was very proud of my name, Mary. At home, I was sometimes called

Josie but whenever any one asked me my name, I always answered gladly, Mary ; I am called after the Blessed Virgin.'

To learn to dance my mother sent me to the theatre when I was only six years old. Shortly afterwards on being requested, she allowed me to take part in the play and that strange inconsistent thing, public opinion, pronounced me a prodigy.

Meanwhile, I heard little girls of my own age speaking about making their first communion. Mother had never mentioned the subject to me, still my greatest desire was to make my first communion with the others ; but no priest would allow me to do so because I followed the theatrical profession. Feeling this kneely, I said to my mother :

'They won't accept me at the Roman Catholic Church ; well I can get along without them. I will go to the French Church.'

I went to Mr. Chatel and said to him :

'I want to make my first communion. Frankly speaking I did not know what that meant but just the same the idea had taken such complete possession of me that nothing else would satisfy me.

I saw Mr. Chatel baptise a child and heard him use these words :

'I baptise thee in the name of God and of Christ the Legislator.'

I was surprised and asked him : 'What is a Legislator ?'

He explained the word according to his version.

'Then, you don't believe that Jesus is G-d,' I hazarded.

'Miss, I had the misfortune to learn at school, that one and one make two and one more three.

'But, Mary, do you not believe she is a Virgin ?

—'No !'

That was enough for me. Disgusted with this apostate and his belief, I said to my mother with a heavy heart : 'Evidently God does not want me either. I can't receive communion from the hands of a man who calls Jesus only a Legislator, and the Blessed Virgin only an ordinary woman.'

Despite my disappointments, I kept on praying. I worked hard to support myself and mother. When not employed in the theatre, I did fancy work and sold it. I was surrounded by vice even in the women I most admired.

I murmured because my mother had instilled principles the greatest misery could not overcome. Though I was badly dressed and eat frugal food, yet I was happy with my dear mother and kept up my courage by saying: 'God sees me and as long as I do not offend Him, He thinks me beautiful notwithstanding, my shabby clothes. He will not laugh at me like those who ridicule and taunt me.' I was now one of the leading actresses and consequently greatly admired and flattered. If I mention this, Father it is to make you understand more clearly the wonderful protection of the Blessed Virgin during those perilous days.

My mother took sick. I spent my nights nursing her. I kept no servant. I played and attended rehearsals during the day and studied my parts at night by my mother's sick bed. Though "Star," I had not many engagements at this time, nevertheless, during the four months and a half my mother was sick, I managed so well that I kept out of debt; neither did I get tired or discouraged. I prayed to God and God helps those who pray with all their heart.

The last night I watched by my mother, I did not then know she was in her agony. She said to me: 'Mary, I love you so dearly! A few minutes afterwards she died. Oh, Father! what a night of awful agony that was! I had never been separated from my mother before and now at twenty years of age I found myself an orphan, without friends or means, without God,—for I did not then possess Him. I vowed over my mother's corpse with my lips on that hand that had caressed and blessed me so often, I vowed that I would be worthy of her, faithful to her. They wanted to separate me from her, but I answered, 'I will leave her only at the grave.' I had the courage to follow her there.

Then, indeed, she was lost to me but not, as I know now, forever. I shall meet her some day. Shall I not Father? Every day I visited the cemetery at Montmartre

where she was buried, and on my return knelt in my room with her picture and a crucifix that had rested on her breast and spent all my leisure with the cross and cherished picture. You may not understand Father, you who are so absorbed in God, so much love lavished on a creature, but to me my mother seemed like a supernatural being. My professional companions gave me 55 francs. They knew our poverty. I had never hidden it or blushed at it...

Finally I heard you preaching. Your words straightened out my erroneous ideas. I am still very ignorant in religious matters, but I love Jesus and Mary dearly. Why, I dont know. I love them and that is all. After that I saw things differently and said to the Blessed Virgin: Mother, I must make my choice between you and the theatre. It is already made. Give me courage and grace to do what is necessary.

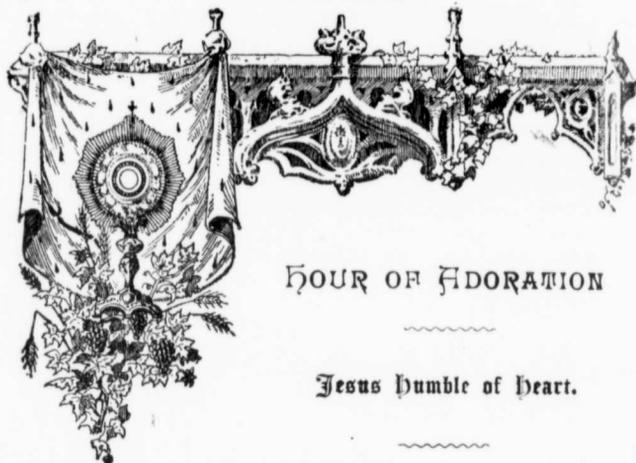
Low Sunday, I went and knelt near the pulpit where you were preaching. Your words impressed me so much that I said to myself: 'I will write and explain my case to him, surely he is powerful enough to obtain for me from the Archbishop the grace I want the grace to make my first Communion.

I acted on the impulse. I wrote to you and you know the rest; but what you do not know is that my spirit is no longer the same, neither is my heart. The good women you introduced me to soon changed all that.

Oh, thank God! Thank you, Father, your zeal has accomplished marvels. I have made my first communion. I am the happiest woman alive. I was surrounded by Mesdames de Goutant, Levasseur and Auberville. Formerly, I thought I loved God, but now, I know it was He who loved me. I loved Mary but not with the same pure love she has for me. I do not know what God may have in store for me, but if it be His blessed will to afflict me I will try to bear everything with all my heart which is all His. Today only I fully understand the martyrs. My first act on leaving the theatre was a communion, God grant that on leaving this life I be kneeling at the holy table. To God, to the Blessed Virgin, to those ladies, to you, Rev. Father, my life's undying gratitude.

MARIA."

From the life of Rev. P. de Ravignan,



HOUR OF ADORATION

Jesus Humble of Heart.

I. — Adoration.

I adore Thee, O my Master! I have heard Thy call. I come to Thy school, and I want to know the full meaning, the truth and the depth of this word by tasting its grace and its sweetness, for it attracts me as much by its sweetness as it impresses me by its solemn gravity.

“Humble of Heart!” What means this declaration, in which Thou dost appear to define Thyself, to discover to us the bottom of Thy soul, to reveal to us the secret of Thy life, to propose Thyself to the admiration as well as to the love of men, in order to gain them, to succor them in their needs, to console them in their pains?

How important for us to understand the “Humility of Thy Heart,” since Thou dost attribute to it effects so wonderful as “the restoration from all fatigue and exhaustion, the sweetening of all yokes, the lightening of all burdens, along with rest and peace for all souls.”

I come to ask from Thyself the explanation of this great word, because there is no human teacher, no saint, no angel who can give it to me, and because, also, Thou hast said.

“Humble of Heart” — The heart is love. Love is its spontaneous impulse, its free choice, its reasonable and definitive attachment. Love is the gift of self, prompt, entire, perpetual, without reserve, without regret. Love is diametrically opposed to necessity, interest, or calculation.

“Humble of Heart!” — O my Christ adored, is it not for Thee to be humble by the free choice of Thy eternal love, by the pref-

erence of humility to every other virtue, by the yearning of Thy soul toward humility, by the adhesion of Thy whole being to humility? — humble by all the convictions of Thy divinely enlightened mind, all the force of Thy impeccable will, all the ardor of Thy most pure and loving Heart? It is not to be humble by necessity, no law obliging Thee to it, O Thou Son of the Eternal! Nor is it to be humble through interest. Thou hast nothing to expect from it. O Thou Master of all things, Thou hast need of nothing! It is not to be humble merely on some occasion, by accident, or because it is suitable, humble only in appearance, in some one point, in a passing manner. No! "Of heart," that is, from the very bottom of one's soul in our liveliest and strongest feelings, in that which shows the hidden springs of life, in that which endures as long as ourselves, is confounded with self, is in fine our very self! And Thou dost think it well to add: — Because I am meek and humble of Heart."

"I am" humble by My being and by My nature, by My character and by My mission, as I am by My determination and My choice. I am humble by My Divinity, annihilated in the lowly condition of creature and slave. I am humble by means of My soul and My mind, which fully comprehend the nothingness of their origin and their absolute dependence on the Creator. I am humble by My will which has chosen humiliation as the best means of giving satisfaction to the Sovereign Justice, of snatching man, dead through pride, from the yoke of the prince of pride, and of gaining him by abasing Myself lower than he.

II. — Thanksgiving.

How explain, excepting by the passion for humility, the Incarnation of the Son of God, come only to humble Himself and to be humbled, descended into those humiliations of which St. Paul says: "Although He was God, by nature equal to His Father; although He enjoyed the incommunicable prerogatives of the Divine nature; although He was incapable of submitting to a will superior to His own, or of seeking out of Himself any good whatsoever: — "He has so loved the world" that He annihilated Himself, made Himself a creature and a slave, clothing Himself with human nature: — He made Himself man, a creature of nothingness, that is, placed Himself in a state of dependence and inferiority. Now, to take the state of sinful man, was to make Himself a slave to the Divine wrath, subject to labor, chastisement, and death. It is, however, to this state that He descended. Under these laws the only Son of God willed to live, "out of His too great love for us" and for our misery. His whole life here on earth was but the manifestation of that extraordinary annihilation, under the pressure of these three derogatory forces: humiliation, obedience, and suffering.

He humbled Himself in the poverty of His birth, in the persecutions of His early infancy, in the submission of His youth, in the rough labors of His manhood, and in the ignominious temptations of Satan in the desert. He humbled Himself in the contradictions, the calumnies, the attacks that assailed His apostolic life; in the agony of fear, distress, and disgust that inaugurated His Passion; in the infamous accusations made before all the tribunals against His doctrine, His conduct, and His influence over the people. He humbled Himself by submitting to the condemnation, to the punishment of the accursed; to the flight, the treason, the denial of His followers; to the implacable abandonment of His own Father, in fine, to a death despised, mocked, blasphemed, which sealed the depth of His degradation!

All these humiliations and ignominy He had foreseen, desired, willed. He had embraced them with all His Heart. He identified Himself with them appearing "as one struck by God and afflicted, despised and the most abject of men: — the last of men;" no longer a man, but a worm of the earth: — crushed under the heel of the passer-by!

III. — Reparation.

Jesus loved the Cross. He sighed so ardently after it that His inability to obtain it at once, was torture to His Heart. He had, indeed, delivered Himself to suffering without reserve. He possessed Him interiorly, since He had celebrated with it His betrothal in the sanctuary of His Mother's womb, under the eye of His Father, and in presence of the Archangel Gabriel. But when the hour came to espouse it before heaven and earth, He delivered Himself to it in a frenzy of passion. His love goaded Him on, and made Him refuse anything like delay. He called it His glory, His triumph, and He begged His Father not to delay it a single moment. He gave Himself to this spouse of His choice in a way that made Him one with her, and He appeared the Man of sorrows, and of all sorrows: clothed with every sorrow, penetrated with sorrow even to the marrow of His bones. He endured it under every form: He was changed into sorrow. He was sorrow become a man. A tempest of all kinds of sorrow in its highest intensity was precipitated upon Him. It swept over Him. It inundated, submerged, engulfed Him. It ravaged His flesh, His Heart, His Soul, tearing everything from Him, His honor, His friendships, His works, His life. With unexampled joy, He gave Himself up to its devouring attacks: He died of its violence and He was happy to owe to it His death, for even unto death He loved it.

This is what is to be understood, partly at least, and in this manner is verified the great word of Jesus: "I am humble of Heart. When Jesus had reached the last degree of humiliation, His Father desired to recompense His heroism by "exalting Him

above every name" according to the measure of His abasement, giving Him over men and things an empire in extent equal to His own obedience and, in exchange for His sufferings, pouring into His soul and body the plenitude of life and happiness, of which He is to be the inexhaustible source for all the blessed. He called Him to Himself by the triumph of His glorious Ascension. He made Him sit on His throne at His right. He placed in His hand the sceptre of eternal royalty, while the angels and saints adored Him, joyfully hailing and serving Him who had abased Himself below them.

IV. — Prayer.

"Take and eat My Flesh. All ye, take Me and eat Me! — I am only a morsel of bread, destined to disappear in the breast of my creatures for their benefit. I am the bread of sinful man, sinful by nature, today actually a sinner, tomorrow again a sinner. I am ordinary bread, by some disdained, — bread that negligence renders useless, — bread without flavor, causing nausea to some, — bread which, given as a sign of friendship, will be dealt treacherously with by the perfidious. I am bread which the impious will cast to the impure beasts of hell that swarm in their soul! — Take ye all, and eat of It! I have made of My immortal Flesh a simple remedy to cure your infirmities, an ointment to dress your wounds, an antidote for your sinful desires. To whatever degrading usage you may wish to devote Me, I shall willingly lend Myself, I shall consume Myself in it; for I am in heaven the Bread of light and glory for the angels and the blessed, I wish to be here the obscure Bread of the voyager and the humble Viaticum of the dying!

"All this supposes unheard of and incredible abasement, an increase of humiliation which would seem to exhaust even the imaginable and the possible, yes even that of My own wisdom and power. But "I have loved humility to the end," and My love carries Me away, drives Me to delirium, to excess: "I am humble of Heart.

"Humble of Heart!" O yes, I see very plainly that Thou art all that Thou sayest, O Christ, annihilated through pure love, through Thy own free choice, through inviolable attachment to humility, in the multiplied annihilations of the Crib, of Calvary, and of the Altar! Have I comprehended the whole truth, the whole depth of this word? Have I praised its marvellous grandeur, its ineffable harmony? Have I tasted all its sweetness? Have I seen all its influence over God and the world, all the consequences it ought to have in the direction of my thoughts and works?



The Heart of a Sacristan.

THE hallowed aisles are dim with night;
 I come to keep Love's sacred tryst:
 Beneath thy care my troth I plight,
 Our Lady of the Eucharist!

* *

None know on earth whose bride I am,
 Hid here beside Christ's altar-throne.
 The souls who follow Heaven's white
 Lamb,
 They know my bliss, and they alone.

* *

I guard the breads, that soon shall be
 The Body of My God and King;
 I guard the wine; I keep the key.—
 My spousal ring, my spousal ring!

* *

No object in His courts am I!
 Never am I alone, unmissed.
 In Nazareth, who guessed thy joy,
 Our Lady of the Eucharist?

* *

What child should rest upon my knee?
 What earthly love could gain my
 heart?
 Lover, and friend, and child, to me,
 O Holy Eucharist, Thou art!

* *

I am my Love's, and He is mine,
 Though face and smile I may not see.
 In long night-watches, dread, divine,
 A veiled Vision visits me.



*The Sacred Heart accepts my prayer ;
By lips Divine my lips are kissed ;
The rapture of thy life I share,
Our Lady of the Eucharist !*

* *

*Years have passed by. No more about that
altar
I move, its guardian blest, by day,
by night.
Gone are those hours of serving there like
Martha ;
Gone that strong-centered will for its
delight.*

* *

*Wait I in patience till my Bridegroom
cometh ;
Till, in full vision, His glorious face
I see.
Our Lady of the Eucharist ! in heaven,
Plead thou with Jesus Christ for me.*

* *

*Wait I in patience till my Bridegroom
cometh ;
Folded my hands, stilled are my feet
at length,
Thou who in peace didst wait th' Assump-
tion's dawning,
Give me thy peacc, thy patience, and
thy strength !*

* *

*Gone is the old-time, ceaseless, restless
longing.
God's dear and holy will alone be
done !
May no more self, or will of mine, live
in me :
Only the Spirit of Jesus-Christ thy
Son !*

S. L. EMERY.





Approach the Holy Table Frequently.



BESIDES this miserable life, which, according to the Scriptural expression, passes like a shadow, is another life, one superior to it constituting the happiness of the Christian here below and prelude his eternal felicity ; a real and earnest life which though ignored by worldlings, is nevertheless, proffered to all souls of good will... This life is nourished from two principal sources : prayer and the sacraments but especially from the most sublime of all the sacraments, the one which more than any of the others resembles a flowing fountain whose fertile waters course throughout every land and sphere and of which each may drink long draughts to imbibe true life with marvelous abundance : The Eucharist.

Communion the sacrament of the Eucharist, is truly what is grandest and most divine in the Catholic religion. Had God left man the liberty of asking Him for the gift most appropriate to respond to his personal aspirations, never could he have asked for anything superior to the Eucharist ; besides, would he ever have thought of asking for such a great gift ? A God Himself, giving Himself to His creatures, and giving Himself as friend, as companion of his exile, as daily food. O marvel of infinite love, surpassing all that human intellect could ever conceive.

Man could not have asked for anything greater than the Eucharist, nay, God Himself, all-powerful as He is, could not have granted man anything more excellent or more admirable than this sacrament of His unspeakable love. What emotions and transports the Saints felt in Its regard ! Some pined away and were consumed through the ardour of their desire for Its reception ; others under-

took long journeys and bore the most painful sacrifices in order to partake of this great happiness ; while others did not fear to beg for It even at the risk of their lives. St. Francis of Assisium fell into an ecstasy after every communion and found himself, as it were, transported amongst the angels ; St. Catherine of Sienna sickened with grief whenever she was obliged to pass a day without receiving communion ; another saint asserted that to receive Our Lord in the Heavenly Banquet, she would not hesitate to walk through flames. When yet a child St. Magdalen of Pazzi burned with such an ardent desire for Communion that on the days when her mother had had that happiness she clung to her and would not leave her, saying : " If I may not yet eat the Bread of Angels, let me at least have the happiness of inhaling its perfume."

The brave officer who presented himself to receive Communion at seven o'clock, one evening, in a little chapel of Lyons, shared these sentiments of the saints though his name may not be registered on their calendar. His noble reply when the astonished chaplain gently told him he could not give him Communion as he must be fasting in order to receive is worthy of admiration and emulation : " I have not broken my fast since yesterday. To-day I was very busy at the barracks, all day, and could not leave until now ; but what is such a slight privation in order to possess the good God ! "

We do not assert that every Communion produces such blessed sensible results, though we do assert that every Communion properly made produces those blessed interior results ; moreover, the interior happiness often adds to the invisible and secret operations of grace. When a person says : I was sad before Communion and now I am happy ; I was anxious and troubled and now I am calm and peaceful ; I lacked courage or energy and now nothing daunts me, that person is telling the simple truth. His experience is as natural as it is to be refreshed on drinking ice-water, or to feel heat when close to a fire.

Whoever you may be, try the experiment for yourself. At the Holy Table you will find solace, help, happiness, confidence, strength, light, peace, courage, resignation... And as to the Communions which leave no sensible im-

pression of these feelings, they, nevertheless, perform their divine work and increase supernatural life in us, repair our moral losses, render us stronger against temptation, appease our thirst for inordinate joys, detach us from created things and draw us to God. After your personal experience you will say as many another has said : I was not deceived. I found in the Eucharistic Banquet a thousand times more than I was promised.

You will echo the sentiments of the celebrated pianist Hermann who says : "I searched the world in a vain quest for happiness. I crossed the seas in its pursuit, I eagerly sought it in the beauties and wonders of nature, in drawing rooms, in sumptuous festivals, in immoderate ambition. I pursued my phantom everywhere. I never grasped it. And you, have you found it — this desirable happiness ? Is there no void in your life ? No unsatisfied longing in your soul ? Ah ! the answer comes in sighs and moans...

Finally I changed the direction of my search and at last found what I had so eagerly and so vainly sought amid the haunts of men and since then I superabound with joy, its unspeakable plenitude fills me. — But let me tell you where I found it... In the humble tabernacle of the Eucharistic Christ." Go you likewise to this humble tabernacle, leave there your cares, anxieties, ambitions, worries, — all. Throw yourself at Jesus' feet, give Him your heart, receive this loving Master in communion and your soul will be filled with peace, joy and happiness beyond any words of mine to describe.

Come, oh, come, sweet Savior !
 Come to me and stay,
 For I want Thee Jesus,
 More than I can say.

Take my heart and fill it
 Full of love for Thee ;
 All I have I give Thee,
 Give Thyself to me.





HISTORICAL INCIDENT.



IN the year 1249, when St. Louis, King of France, was engaged in the crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land from the dominion of the infidels, he and his whole army were defeated and taken into captivity by the Sultan of Turkey. Many efforts and generous promises were made before the Sultan could be induced to accept a ransom for the release of the holy and heroic king. He also demanded security for the fulfilment of the promises made on the part of the Christians; and what measures would you suppose, did he take to secure himself? Did he demand a solemn oath of the king and his Christian captives? Did he retain the generals and the illustrious men of the army as hostages? Not at all. But what he demanded was a consecrated Host, which he desired to retain until the Christians had fulfilled all their promises. This demand of the Sultan could, of course, not be considered for a moment; yet it speaks to us in powerful tones and teaches us a valuable lesson. It bears the most powerful testimony to the great love and reverence and devotion which the captive Christians must have openly exhibited for the Blessed Sacrament.

Bishop Eberhard, of Treves, in reference to this historical incident says: "The Turkish Sultan had observed the Christians kneeling with profound respect and with indescribable devotion before the Sacred Host. He had noticed especially and was forcibly impressed with the devout attitude, the deep recollection, and the pious fervor of the holy king in his devotions, by which his sad, ascetic countenance was illumined and encircled with a halo-

of sanctity. Such glowing piety, such an attitude of serious reflection, such a rapturous transport of devotion he had never witnessed before. They are the marks of Catholic faith; they are the fruits brought forth by the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. To be so near to our God and Saviour! — who can reflect upon this without bowing his head beneath the sweetest yoke, and without the most soul-stirring sentiments of supreme astonishment, reverential awe, and boundless love? To be separated only, as it were, by a delicate veil from the beatific vision of Him Whose face ravishes the saints in heaven with joy; to stand, as it were, on the very verge of the celestial paradise! Who can consider this earnestly and yet not perceive that the noise and tumult of the world pass away and die in the distance that all earthly glare and glimmer fade out of sight, while the heart is transported with the joy of the saints?"

Oh! would that our poor hearts were always stirred up and elevated by these sentiments of profound devotion whenever we kneel before the tabernacle. Would that we yearned more ardently for this hallowed spot of God's real presence and prayed with greater fervor.

“O Sacrament most holy! O sacrament divine!

All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment thine.”

REV. F. X. LASANCE.

A New Eucharistic Foundation

At Detroit, U. S. A.

WE are happy to make know to our readers that a new foundation has been made at Detroit, Mich.

A new throne of Perpetual Exposition given to our dear Lord, where night and day He will be adored and offered reparation.

In the early part of April of last year, seven sisters of the second order of St Dominic, strictly cloistered, left their monastery of St. Dominic at Newark, N. J. They

were most warmly and kindly received in Detroit by His Lordship Rt. Rev. Bp. Loley ; and met with a most cordial reception from all. It was touching to see the faith and devotion with which all greeted, not the sisters, but the Lord who came to be exposed among them. A large house was provided for the new foundation—and on Holy Thursday the little chapel was sufficiently prepared to allow our hidden God to take possession of His new home.—On Easter Sunday the Most Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the first time, and since then, the daily exposition from early morning until evening, has known of no interruption.

After a few months, the little community having increased in number nocturnal exposition was begun — two nights of every week were added to the daily exposition — and now, the sisters are looking hopefully towards the time when their number will allow them to have uninterrupted perpetual exposition.

These sisters came from Lyons, France, in 1880.—They now have two monasteries in the States. Detroit is the third. — They are strictly cloistered, and follow the primitive rule of the second order of St. Dominic. The community comprises three classes of sisters. The Choir nuns, who chant the Divine office in Choir and keep the daily hours of adoration, rising every night from 12 to 2 a. m. for the Divine office etc. The Lay sisters, who follow exactly the same rule as the choir sisters, but who attend to the manual work of the monastery as they do not recite the Divine office, they rise at different stated times through the night to fill the hours of adoration. The outside sisters, who inhabit the part of the monastery which is outside of the enclosure, and attend to the care of the Blessed Sacrament and chapel, and to all the exterior business.

The little community is yet in the temporary home, but trust that through the mercy of God, and the charity of good souls, the day will come, when they will see the monastery rising up, and a worthy chapel to enthrone our Eucharistic God whence will flow countless graces upon those who will visit Him.

Write to

MONASTERY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT,
1189, WOODWARD AVE, DETROIT, MICH.

A Saint of the Eucharist.

(Continued.)



ON another occasion," continues the same confessor, "at Catherine's request, I deferred my Mass for a short time, hoping that she would be able to receive Holy Communion, for she was at the moment suffering greatly. While waiting I recited my Office. It so happened that, unknown to me, Catherine had entered the church, hoping to satisfy her desire to communicate. But as it was late, after the hour of Tierce, her companions, knowing that she would remain several hours in ecstasy, and that some would complain at having to keep the church doors open so long, had persuaded her to forego communicating that day. She, humble and discreet, did not presume to contradict them, but had recourse to prayer, kneeling by a bench at the very extremity of the church, she earnestly entreated her Divine Spouse to satisfy the holy desire that He Himself had aroused in her heart. Almighty God, who never despises the desires of His servants, heard her in a wonderful way. Now, while I was waiting as requested, one of her companions came to me, saying that Catherine begged me to say Mass whenever I was ready, for she would not be able to communicate that day.

"I went at once to the sacristy, vested, and began my Mass at an altar in the upper part of the church. I was completely ignorant of Catherine's presence, and she was distant from me the whole length of the church. After the Consecration and the *Pater Noster*, I proceeded in accordance with the sacred rubrics, to divide the Host. At the first breaking, the Host, instead of dividing into two, separated into three portions, two larger and one small, the latter as long but not so wide as a common bean. This last particle, while I was attentively looking at It, appeared to me to fall on the corporal beside the

chalice above which I had broken the host. I had seen it distinctly descending toward the altar, but I could not distinguish it on the corporal. Thinking that the whiteness of the corporal prevented my seeing the missing particle, I broke another portion, and after saying the *Agnus Dei*, I consumed the Sacred Host. As soon as my right hand was at liberty, I carefully felt on the corporal beside the chalice on the side on which, as it seemed to me, the particle had fallen. But I found nothing. I was extremely troubled at the circumstance, but I continued the Mass, and, after the Communion, I searched anew and thoroughly. Neither sight nor touch could discover anything. I was so much affected that I shed tears. I concluded the Mass on account of the persons present, determining, however, to make a careful search at my leisure. I did so in effect, after all had withdraw, but I could discover nothing. Then, intending to consult the Father Prior, I carefully covered the altar and bade the sacristan to allow no one to approach it till my return.

I retired to the sacristy, but scarcely had I laid aside my vestments when Father Christopher, Prior of the Carthusians, was announced. I asked him to excuse me a few moments, as I was obliged to say a word to the Prior. But he could not wait. He had urgent business with Catherine, and he begged me to take him to her. I bade the sacristan guard the altar during my absence and I went with Father Christopher to Catherine's residence. There, to my astonishment, I was informed that she was at the Friar's church. I turned back with my companion and found her in the lower part of the church, kneeling in ecstasy. I begged her companions to arouse her. They did so, and we were soon seated with the Prior. I told him in a low voice and few words my great anxiety. Catherine, as if already acquainted with all the particulars, smiled gently and said: 'Did you search carefully?'

"I answered 'Yes.'

"'Why, then,' she said, 'should you be so much troubled?' and again she smiled.

"I kept silence, but after the Prior had ended his visit, I said to her: 'Mother, I really believe you took that particle of my consecrated Host.'

"She answered quietly : ' Father, do not accuse me of that. It was not I. It was Another. I can only tell you that you will not find that particle again.'

"Hearing this, I obliged her to explain. ' Father,' she said, "do not be at all troubled about that particle. I will tell you the truth as to my confessor and spiritual Father. That particle was brought and presented to me by Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. My companions engaged me not to communicate this morning in order to avoid giving annoyance to certain persons. I was unwilling to be troublesome, but I had recourse to my Divine Spouse. He condescended to appear to me and, with His own sacred hands gave me that particle which you had consecrated. I received it from His own sacred hands. Rejoice, therefore, in Him, because I have received from Him this day a grace for which I can never sufficiently thank my God.' This explanation changed my sadness into joy. I was so encouraged by her words that I no longer experienced the slightest anxiety."

One word more, and we shall end a subject upon which we have so much that might be said. Catherine's life was filled with suffering. For thirteen weeks before her blessed death, she endured excessive torments, which along with the anguish of her soul increased daily. From Sexagesima till the last day of April, the day on which the Church celebrates her feast, she suffered incredibly, but with patience and holy joy. Thanking God for all that she endured, and offering her life to appease His anger and to preserve His Church from scandal, Catherine passed into the rest of the children of God.

SEEDS.

M. S. P.

*From out Thy tabernacle, O Most Bright !
Scatter Thy golden seeds of light,
That flowers may spring up in my arid brain,
To seed and flower for thee again.*



Child of Mary.

"Child of Mary." Name of honor,
 Prouder far than kingly crown —
 God Himself, to win that title,
 From His Heavenly throne came down
 He, the first-born Child of Mary,
 Calls us to His Mother's side,
 Shares with us His dearest treasure :
 " Mother, 'twas for these I died."

O ! Immaculate, unfallen,
 Tarnished by no breath of sin !
 Yet I dare call thee " Mother ;"
 Open, Mother, let me in !
 Thou of Mercy's self art, Mother,
 And thy heart is meek and mild ;
 Open wide thy arms and take me,
 As a mother takes her child.

God forgive those erring Christians
 Who would spurn the tender name,
 Which with joy at Christ's own bidding,
 Mary's loving children claim.
 " Lo, your Mother ! " said he, dying ;
 Yet some coldly turn away,
 " Ah ! forgive them, sweetest Mother !"
 For they know not what they say,"

" Child of Mary." May my feelings,
 Thoughts, words, deeds and heart's desires,
 All befit a lowly creature,
 Who to such high name aspires
 Ne'er shall sin (for sin could only)
 From my sinless Mother sever—
 Mary's child till death shall call me,
 Child of Mary—then forever,

“Not As Other Men.”

THE Sister had been telling all the little girls in her class, who were preparing for their first communion, beautiful stories of child-saints that lived in the olden times, and the little ones had been all duly impressed by these shining examples of infant holiness.

Little Phyllis came home and had a talk with her mother after school about what they had been learning from the Sister.

“And mamma,” she concluded, “I’m just going to see how good I can be for this month before I make my first communion.”

“Well I hope you will, dear,” said her mother approvingly.

After that there was no more trouble in getting the little girl to mind baby, run messages or wash dishes, etc. She was faithfully keeping to her resolve. Now Jack, Phyllis’ brother and senior by one year, was also preparing for his first communion. He was a bright, manly little fellow, full of spirit and good natured, but withal was frequently getting into some kind of trouble.

“Anything that is like work seems to frighten that boy,” complained his mother after waiting nearly half an hour overtime for him to return from some errand on which she had sent him. “He has broken the Fowlers’ window pane too and we will have to pay for it. He will catch it from his father tonight and I’m just sick of begging him out of his whippings. John really thinks that I spoil him. Oh, why should boys be so troublesome!”

Phyllis sat with folded hands by the window. She turned and looked sympathetically at her mother.

“Mamma,” she said, “I wonder Jack isn’t afraid to make his first communion when he acts the way he does. My! I’m sure I would be if I were like him.” And she pulled herself together with a little self-righteous air, unknowingly thinking a version of the Pharisee’s prayer: “Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like Jack, etc.”

At last the unfortunate one came in looking hot and tired.

“Here’s your sewing silk, mamma,” he said.

"Go right to your room, my young man, and don't let me set eyes on you again until supper time!" his mother commanded. This the young man proceeded to do with so much alacrity that he knocked over a fancy flower pot and broke it into little pieces that scattered over the floor.

"Oh, my goodness, my goodness!" cried his distracted mother, and she boxed his ears soundly, while Phyllis ran to rescue the plant, turning reproachful eyes upon poor Jack who stood with red ears, staring miserably at the mischief he had done. If he had been a girl he might have defended himself, but being a boy he only scowled at his mother and sister and sullenly walked off, muttering under his breath:

"It isn't my fault. I didn't mean to break it. Nor I didn't mean to break that Fowlers' window nor stay away late nor nothing. Can't help it!"

It was practically the same thing with him the next day, and the next, and so on. He was always late for his meals, he never could be found when he was wanted and there was no use trying to keep him indoors for any length of time.

"I will send him away next year to a good strict boarding-school where he will get some hard discipline," said his father one evening as they sat talking over the manifold shortcomings of the Pariah, but the mother's heart melted towards her boy.

He is really a good little fellow at heart, John," she said. "He is so affectionate in spite of everything."

"That may be true," answered the father, "but he needs taming down a bit, and nothing but good discipline will do that. I love him almost as much as you do, but it will be for his own sake that I will do it."

"Yes, perhaps that is so," answered the mother hesitatingly, and Phyllis chimed in:

"Really Jack is awful. I saw him coming out of the Brown's back yard to-day. They would get mad at him running in there, if they knew it." (Oh, Phyllis, what are you becoming!)

As the little girl crept up to bed that night her brother called to her in a stage whisper:

"Philly, come here a minute, won't you?"

"What is it?" she asked impatiently.

"I've got a secret I want to tell you."

"Oh, well you'd better go to sleep now and tell it to me to-morrow. Mamma doesn't like us talking and staying up

late." And the little preacher lay down to rest that night with a conscience as light as the feathers in her pillow.

.....

It was the day before the children's first communion. The family, that is father, mother, Phyllis and the baby, were sitting down to dinner without waiting for Jack, he being late as usual, when the door flew open and the boy rushed in with a face as bright and shiny as soap and joy combined could make it.

"Now I am going to tell you all my secret," he began mysteriously; "I've been fixing up Mrs. Brown's garden for her all this last month, planting seeds and bringing her fresh earth and sowing it up, and she promised to pay me for it and she has. That's what has been keeping me late and out so much lately, but I was determined to buy a present for Phyllis. Here, Phyllis, look what I bought you for to-morrow," and he held up a little gold cross that glittered in the sunlight. The father and mother were quite delighted at their boy's thoughtfulness and for the moment hardly noticed Phyllis. The little girl had slipped down from her seat and resting her head against the arm of the chair was sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "I've been such a mean, mean, bad thing! Oh, I can't take it! I've been saying and thinking such mean things of you." And the poor child broke out into a passion of tears.

Mother tried to comfort her and whispered in her ear:

"Take it, Phyllis dear, we all make mistakes, you know, and live and learn. Jack will feel so disappointed if you refuse it."

Phyllis was a real little penitent that day and when next morning the father and mother watched the two children walk hand in hand with them to church they felt sure that their little ones would sit at the Master's table for the first time, each with chastened heart.

F. ETN.

